

Oxford Democrat.

No. 43, Vol. 3, New Series.

Paris, Maine, Tuesday, March 5, 1844.

Old Series, No. 2, Vol. 12.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT,

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY BY

George W. Stiles,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:—One Dollar and Fifty cents in advance. Advertisements inserted on reasonable terms. The Proprietor not being accountable for any error beyond the amount charged for the advertisement. A reasonable deduction will be made for cash in advance, and no credit will be given for a longer period than three months.

COMMUNICATIONS AND LETTERS on business must be Post-Paid to insure attention.

Book and Job Printing

Executed with neatness and despatch.

From The Democratic Review.

A RECENT RAMBLE AMONG The Peasantry of England.

By JUDGE CARLTON, OF LOUISIANA.

Most books of travels in foreign countries abound in details about kings and palaces, lords and ladies, but say nothing of the condition of the peasantry; that class of mankind by whose humble labours the rest are fed. Nor can just information be had from citizens casually met in public vehicles, taverns, or steamers. To understand the subject, I was, therefore, compelled to enter their cottages and examine for myself, in all the states of Europe through which I passed, especially in England, where I resided, at intervals, more than twenty months.

When I first saw that beautiful England, its roads, bridges, hedges, hill and valley, field and forest, the green earth sprinkled with cottages, to which the still greener ivy clung; here, thought I, happiness has fixed her earthly home. Yet an occasional glance at the interior of their houses on the nearer approach of the vehicle, and the aspect of the ragged children about the doors, told me with distrust.

Being told that the peasantry, here called laborers, lived in great abundance and content in Somersetshire, thither I set out from London in November, in 1842, by the Southampton railway to Winchester, where I took a seat, about sunset in a coach for Wincanton.

The interior of an English coach is a prison-house, where a man of ordinary stature cannot stretch his limbs nor look out upon the country through its narrow ill-contrived window. The French *Diligence* is greatly to be preferred, though uncouth and clumsy, they are more comfortable and safe, and move with equal speed. "The seats are all under cover; whereas the English are perched on the outside upon naked wooden benches, flanked with small iron rods that chafe and cut the flesh, exposed to the unceasing rains and chilly winds of their remorseless climate. Their exactions upon travellers are moreover, so enormous, that the third class, as they are called, are glad to compound for mere transportation, like cattle in their steamers and rail-cars, with whom they are often seen in close alliance.

Our progress was suddenly arrested by a wagon sunk to the axle in the soft chalky earth of a newly-made road, through which we waded on foot more than half a mile, leaving the empty vehicle to be dragged by the horses. One of the ladies, a pretty fragile creature, was so overcome by exposure to the weather, that the guard, touched with compassion, transferred her to the inside, where a kind gentleman and myself restored her to speech by rubbing her hands and throwing our cloaks about her half-frozen limbs.

We arrived at Wincanton at six o'clock in the morning, when the guard presented himself for his usual bonus. I followed the example of my neighbor and gave him a half-crown, and two shillings more to the driver, making altogether one dollar and five cents tax upon each traveller, independently of the fare, which is fifty per cent higher than in any other country of Europe.

At ten o'clock, I hired a carriage, and accompanied by two gentlemen, went three miles to Stoney Stoke and Shepton Montagu, two villages in which the laborers are clustered in considerable number. I addressed myself to an elderly woman, one of the principal persons among them, who, for eight-pence—which she said was a day's wages—undertook to be my guide. She was regarded with much consideration wherever she appeared, for she was rich, having a better furnished house than her neighbors, more cups and saucers and plates of crockery, five or six chairs, a good deal table, two beds of dust, that is, oat chaff, a cat and a pig. She was the mother of three children, whose labor brought something to the common stock; her husband received nine shillings a week, and she tasted meat three days out of seven.

In the second cottage we visited, there were six in family, scantily fed upon potatoes and salt, with an occasional loaf of white bread. The mother's time being bestowed mostly upon her infant children that multiplied rapidly about her, they were maintained by the husband alone, whose infirmities prevented him from earning more than six shillings per week.

The floor was of broad ill-assorted stone; the roof of straw; the interior whitewashed and the exterior of a yellowish hue; the walls, as are those of most English cottages, being built of rough stone, having one room below, twelve or fifteen feet square, and another above stairs of the same dimensions, but low and inconvenient from the depression of the roof. The earth round about looked green and smiling in November, and the roof and sides were half concealed under the voluminous ivy. However beautiful it seemed at the approach, it was within, the abode of poverty and destitution. The children

were huddled together in a corner of the chimney, striving to kindle a fire with sticks picked up under the hedges, to boil a dinner of turnips; the entire plant being cut up root and top, and seasoned with lard. The mother spoke with some emotion when she alluded to the wants of her children which she could not relieve. I asked permission to go up stairs; she hesitated; my guide shook her head, and I desisted. She afterwards told me that the fifth and stench were insupportably offensive; but on explaining my motive, she made no opposition to a similar request.

Here as everywhere else, I purchased a welcome by distributing a few pence among the children, and occasionally putting a piece of silver into the hands of the mother. Entered a third cabin. Here the green earth smiled again, as did the modest furze and glossy holly that felt not the approach of winter. The floor was much like the first. Near the middle sat the mother peeling potatoes which she threw into a pot at her side half filled with water. I introduced myself on every occasion by saying, that I came from beyond the seas, and wished to inform my countryman how the laborers lived in England. Sixpence brought forth willing answers to interrogatories which I put without stint.

"How many children have you?" "Eight." "What did they feed upon this morning?" "Potatoes." "What will you give them for dinner?" "These potatoes you see me peeling." "Nothing else?" "No; nothing else." "Have you no meat, no milk, nor butter for them?" She made no reply, fixed her eyes upon them sobbed aloud. But her countenance suddenly brightened into a smile, and she said with a clear voice, "Thank God, salt is cheap." But her joy was a transient beam for her eyes again overflowed as she showed me her oldest daughter, fourteen years of age, whom she made rise to her feet. Her tattered garments scarcely concealed her sex; it left her bare to the knees behind, while it dangled to the ground in front. She blushed deeply, for want had not extinguished the modesty of nature, as her mother drew aside the rag that covered her snowy skin. "These," said she, "are all the clothes my child has; she cannot go to school in them, besides she is obliged to stay at home to take care of the children." This was palpably true, for her wasted form tottered under a burden that would soon add another inmate to this abode of misery.

The other children were grouped near the elder sister, sitting on the naked hearth. Their little hands and feet were red with cold; their features were set in melancholy; they were not playful as became their innocent years; no, it had been truly said, that the children of the English poor know no childhood! Sorrow begins with life; they are disciplined to privation from the cradle. From the cradle, did I say?—I saw no cradle, and I verily believe that such a luxury was never known by the child of an English laborer.

In the corner of the chimney was an old man, sitting on his haunches, putting logs to the fire, intended to boil the potatoes. "Who is that?" "It is old Mr.——, he has no home, and we let him stay with us." He was eighty-three years of age, and partook with the children his portion of potatoes and salt.

I asked one of the little girls, where was the cat? "The mother answered, they had none, 'for a cat must eat.' 'Have you a dog?' 'No, we cannot keep a dog; besides he disturbs the game.' 'But you have a cock to crow for day?' 'No, we have none.' I felt a sort of horror come over me at the absence of these animals, sacred to every household—the cat, the companion and pastime of little children; the dog, the well tried, trusty friend of man; the cock whose joyous song haunts the coming day—yet poverty, that bitter blighting curse, has expelled even these from the cottages of the English peasant.

"Can your husband read?" "Yes, he can read the easy parts of the Bible." "Can you read?" "No, I never went to school."

"How many apartments are there in your house?" "Two, one below and another above."

"May I go up stairs?" She was evidently unwilling, my guide gave me a discouraging look; I persevered, and ascended a dirty, rickety flight of steps to a chamber, where the whole family slept, upon a narrow broken window, stood a wooden frame on four legs, on which laid transverse laths that supported a bed of oat chaff, sewed up in a dirty tattered sack, over which was spread a coarse woolen sheet almost black; upon this lay two pillows of straw, and a thick striped coverlet worn into holes. Another sack of chaff lay on the floor in a corner, over which was stretched a sort of blanket torn to rags. Here slept all the children, except the youngest two, who lay with their parents. The fate of the old man at night was not made known to me, nor did I enquire.

The furniture of the apartment below consisted of a stool, on which the mother sat; two broken chairs, unsafe either for my guide or myself; fourteen or fifteen articles of crockery, of fractured plates, and cups; a tea-pot; two or three small iron vessels for cooking, and a broad table, sustained by diagonal bars fastened with nails. On the wall, under a broken piece of plate glass hung a white napkin fringed at bottom, the only testimonial of neatness that poverty could afford. The whole chalet estate, including the apparel of man, wife and children, could not be sold for ten dollars.

No other building but the cottage in which he lived, is allotted to the English laborer. In America, other houses of some sort appertain to the humblest dwellings of men. The horse, the cow, the donkey or cow, has its stable whose loft is well stored with provender. Hard by is a meat

house, where hanga, unprotected by bolt or bar, many a broadside of bacon, ham or shoulder, in reserve for a rainy day, or the arrival of a friend with other eatables of every name and nature, in pot, jar and pan. Here the good housewife enters, on proper occasions, by a door not much larger than herself, and forth comes an abundance that would feed an entire village of English laborers. The fowls, too, have their houses, from whose broad beam the cock flings his joyous notes to the distant hills. Nor is the dog forgotten; being fed to repletion he does all day in his kennel, vigorous and refreshed for the vigils of the night. There is also a contrivance unknown to architecture, called a *crib*, whence the native maize may be taken without stint; next the modest milk-house, whose floor is dug out of the earth, watered by a fountain and strawed with basin and crock of milk and butter, sheltered and ample secured by a covering of boards, which hunger never drives men to break through and steal. Last and least may be seen just above the ground—a pyramid of straw and clay, beneath which is concealed a winter's store of that delicious plant, never tasted by our English friends, the sweet potato.

The dwelling-house, for so the proprietor calls the cabin the West that shelters his family, is often built of logs, between which the winds whistle, raising clouds of ashes that sometimes expel the inmates; yet the walls are well garnished with wearing and bed apparel; the table is loaded with plenty, and in his right hand is a vote that tells in Congress. He is the owner of the land he cultivates, down to the centre of the earth—and when he grows rich, as he certainly will, he may build his castle *ad caelum*, as the lawyers say, for he is master also of all above the surface. He sows his fields to eat the fruit thereof, and with the overplus he would gladly feed his hungry relations in England, if their oppressors would permit him. He is a political economist, not according to McCulloch or Say, but practically; for he knows when his industry yields more than he spends, and by applying the same rule to his neighbors and the nation, he ascertains with arithmetic certainty on which side the balances incline. His private interest being linked with the public good, he takes the same part in the elections and the enactment of laws, that he does in the administration of his own household. He lives under institutions for which there is no precedent in history; a social partnership, not of money, but of equal rights, in which every one has share and share alike. It is a contrivance, altogether new in politics, and as truly American as is the navigation of the seas by fire and steam.

In England, there are five millions that cultivate the earth, and six that labor in manufactures, who have no share in the government, or a right to shelter them from the winds. Goaded almost to madness by privation and want, and they are always ready to overturn that government to which they can owe no allegiance. Every movement is towards revolution; whereas in America, the discontent of the people can never proceed to dangerous excesses; men will not lay waste their own possessions, or put violent hands on institutions which they can amend or abrogate at will.

I visited eleven cottages whose condition differed only in the degree of wretchedness. Their wants seemed, in every instance, to be aggravated by the number of children. The last I entered, bore an impression of comfort and neatness. The couple had not been long married; the wife was at a wash tub near the fire, on which was a pot containing flesh. She wore a white cap, stooped slip shod without stockings, though the weather was humid and cold. The walls were whitewashed, and the jagged, uneven floor bore marks of good housewifery. Their cups and saucers, pots, chairs and table, were sufficient for an humble family of only two. Their bed was of chaff, but clean, and presented the only white sheet I saw. The fruits of their joint labor were spent upon themselves, yet they could feed on meat but four days in the week. They had a pig, the second I saw in the village; but neither cat nor dog. Her husband, she said, could read; and as I held out the prayer book taken from the shelf, she said she read it often.

The wages of the laborer in England are higher in the north, decreasing towards the south, until they fall to seven shillings per week. Their writers on statistics fix the average amount throughout the realm, at eight and sixpence, of which one and sixpence is weekly paid for cottage rent, leaving only a shilling a day for maintenance, clothing, fuel and education of the entire family. Their destitution is, therefore, no matter of surprise; for, with that sum, it is impossible they could subsist without the charities provided by the care and bounty of the rich.

The appearance of a stranger and the nature of his visit brought me to the acquaintance of the farmers who rent the lands of the proprietors and employ laborers to cultivate them. They hold the middle state, between the lordly great and the humble poor. They received me with great kindness in their houses, which are better supplied with the conveniences, but not as many of the luxuries of life as are found in a log cabin in Kentucky.

On their tables was usually a joint of mutton or swine's flesh, sometimes a 'cow, potatoes or cabbage, followed by bread and cheese—accompanied throughout by large quantities of beer, and, on occasion, gooseberry wine. Their education seemed limited to the history of their own king, and the reading of newspapers, which they obtained at second hand.

At the return of the season, the struggle is so great among the farmers to obtain lands that the price of rent is enhanced beyond their ability to pay. One then told me there were forty-two

competitors for those he cultivated: that the proprietors oppressed the farmers, who in turn, drove the laborers to the verge of starvation, and that half the population would emigrate to America if they could pay their passage across the seas.

A candidate for parliament stated that all the arable lands in England were owned by thirty-three thousand proprietors. I called on the officers of the Statistical Society, in St. Martin's Lane, in London, to ascertain the truth of this statement. At their request, I committed certain interrogatories to writing, which they said should be answered when the results of the census, then in the press, were known. Three months thereafter they told me that the statistics of England did not afford the information required. A similar statement was afterwards made by a member of parliament; and as it was never contradicted, it may be regarded as true, that the cultivable lands from which the English are fed belong mainly to thirty-three thousand persons. The chief among them are the members of parliament and the hereditary nobility, born to power as well as to riches. They have established a code of laws for their own benefit, the most inhuman known in the annals of legislation. Not only are their own estates exempt from general taxation, but the cultivation of them is forced upon the people by prohibiting the importation of every article of food from abroad. The poor laborer is at their mercy; and his wife and children must be fed on such terms as they prescribe. There is no escape—ignorant and destitute, he cannot take refuge in foreign countries where his proud oppressor cannot pursue. He is starved to the lowest point of endurance; yet life is spared. Sufficient strength to till the earth is kept up by gruel and potatoes, and provided by the poor-laws or the landlords themselves, as oats are given to horses that they may bear the burthens heaped upon their backs. There is policy in oppression; if the cords were drawn too tight the poor peasant would die, and the greediness of the rich would consume themselves.

All communications from lord to tenant are received with the most degrading servility. The poor man is half annihilated; with cap in hand, body bent, and down cast eyes, he articulates uneasily, my lord; no my lord; your lordship—with an awe due to divinity rather than man. The slave in the Carolinas is not so humble in the presence of his master. He simply replies, yes, sir; and often indulges in the free expression of opinion; and, in many families, his communications are on terms of equality. He is, indeed, the property of a master, but is well fed; and even his dogs, Joler and Towser, after devouring more flesh in a day than an English laborer eats in a week.

He cultivates a patch of sweet potatoes and other esculent plants for himself; keeps fowls in his yard, sells at market, and in the smoke of his chimney hangs the joint of a hog, from which he cuts a slice at the calls of appetite. He wears a smile on his countenance, is fat and saucy among his fellows, laughs with a vacant heart, can dance to a banjo, and freely indulges in his talent for music.

Slavery is a national evil which the Americans deeply deplore. It is against the spirit of their institutions and must have an end.

But there is no redemption for the English peasantry; they lie at the bottom of the fabric of society whose pressure, like that of the pyramid, is in proportion to its height. They have not the strength to throw off the incumbent mass, which, like the structure to which I have compared it, seems destined to outlive many generations of men.

The nobility are entrenched behind hereditary wealth and privilege, and are, moreover, the best educated class of men in Europe. More like potentates than subjects, they have much to lose and nothing to gain by change. They are affable and condescending without loss of dignity; study to conciliate, and at the same time to inspire a respect for themselves which forms the secret guaranty of their power. There are always orators and statesmen among them, well read and practiced in the mysteries of legislation. Wisdom is power; and it is the wisdom of parliament that has raised England to such a pitch of greatness and upheld a constitution which, in any other country, would have long fallen into ruin.

Learning in England is confined to a few; knowledge is taxed and cannot be bought by the poor. A single newspaper costs sixpence which would give bread to the hungry. The light of the press, unlike the rays of the sun, shines not upon the cottage thatched with straw. There are millions of poor laborers, operatives and mechanics, who feel the weight of government without comprehending its policy. Their rulers practice upon the system of Mandeville, and think it would be unsafe to instruct such formidable numbers who might become inquisitive, and ask why they are fed on the potatoes and salt in sight of a park containing three thousand deer to glut the appetite of a single man. Hence there are no public schools for the instruction of the poor: this is the work of charity and the church, and not of the law. It was not until six years ago, that parliament appropriated thirty thousand pounds for this purpose—but little more than is given by the State of Connecticut with less than 300,000 inhabitants.

In England, the liberty of the press is a mere delusion. The people do, indeed, enjoy the right of complaining, and bitterly do they complain in every morning and evening print, only to be laughed at and despised. But complaining affords relief as shedding tears assuages sorrow, and this is all they get for their pains. The naked houseless multitude, continue to live and die as their fathers did for ages past. They were expelled from their homes by William the Conqueror,

er, who divided up the island, as a loaf of bread, among his followers; and to this day they have never been restored to the rightful possession of the soil.

When I returned to London and spoke of the destitution I had witnessed among the laborers, I was invariably told that their condition was much better in some place I had not seen. Still trusting to representation, I set out for Devonshire, where in pursuance of my plan, I passed a month in Exeter and its vicinity.

My first visit was to a cluster of cottages, near the confluence of the Exeter with the sea. The principal personage in the village was a matron of fifty, whom I found cutting up the flesh of a pig, and converted every atom of it, intestines, feet, blood, and all, into food for the approaching winter.

In the hearth was the first comfortable cottage fire I had seen. Near it sat the children, the eldest of whom wore shoes, and were all, otherwise, comfortably clad. The house was furnished in a style becoming the opulent mistress of a pig; five chairs with rush bottoms, two board tables, a small looking-glass set in a frame, several little pictures affixed to the wall; a Bible, a prayer book, Goldsmith's abridged history of England, and flower-pots in the window in which the geranium flourished. The whole wore an air of neatness, a virtue always found among the English, where extreme poverty does not forbid. At the sight of a shilling, she called in a neighbor to take her place, and set out as my guide among the other cottages. We entered nine in succession, where I beheld the same wretchedness and modes of life that prevailed in Somersetshire, differing only in the quality of food, which was here cheaper and consisted partly of fish.

In one of them were three children, a daughter, eighteen, and two small girls under ten years of age; their mother was dead. The father presently entered from his labor in the field. He was a small man, as most of the English laborers are.

His features were swarthy and withered, for he was near sixty; his hands were hard and fingers much contracted; he wore knee breeches of fustian, patched and worn sleek with dirt and grease; a sort of gaiters that covered his legs; shoes of untanned leather with thick soles, studded with projecting nails that left their impression as he walked; a jacket of coarse woolen fabric much tattered at the elbows and sleeves; a shirt of calico, a strip of checked handkerchief about his neck, and a small flat round hat; his whole apparel as well as complexion were colored with the red earth in which he had been at work.

His food was ready at 12 o'clock. He ate, seated on a stool upon the hearth, with a plate on his lap, on which were potatoes and two ounces of bacon. His children stood by the side of a board table, and dined upon bread and the coleworts that had been boiled with the bacon. His wages were seven shillings a week, out of which he paid cottage rent. He said he could not afford meat for his children, nor for himself every day; that he took it all to himself that he might have the strength to work.

The eldest daughter wore shoes, but was meanly dressed; the others were bare-foot and in rags. The whole furniture in the house, including cooking utensils, would not have sold for twenty shillings.

There were other cottages in which still greater wretchedness was visible, and others again, in somewhat better condition; this may be regarded as an average specimen of the whole.

I passed several days five miles from Exeter, at the beautiful mansion of Mr.——, who derives his income from a sugar estate in South America. I was received with the most liberal and enlightened hospitality and when my object was made known, was accompanied by his excellent and accomplished lady on a visit to no less than fifteen cottages in the immediate neighbourhood. The first we entered comfortable and altogether neat; but there were no children to feed, and I soon discovered that the inmate was indebted to the bounty of Mrs.—— for both food and clothing. The next was inhabited by a widower, an infirm old man, who received only five shillings a week. He was an object of public as well as private charity. He could neither read nor write. His children were dirty and half naked, and though it was November, he was without fuel or fire. The upper apartment, which I approached by a sort of ladder, contained two filthy beds of chaff, in such condition, that the stench drove me back as I opened the door.

We next visited a line of cottages that stood immediately on the margin of a little stream that had overflowed its banks and deposited mud on the floors of the houses. In one of them was a mother who had just been delivered of a child. Her feet were raised on a block to protect them from the wet, and the chair in which she sat was the only article of furniture in the apartment. The linen and garments about the child were furnished to her by Mrs.——.

Here I learnt from this good lady, that at the birth of every child among the laborers, she sent the mother a pair of sheets, a change of clothes, and two suits for the infant—to be retained for one month, then to be cleaned and returned in a bag ready for other similar occasions. This custom, which I found afterwards to prevail in Isleworth and other parts of England, speaks at once the charity of the rich and the frightful destitution of the poor.

She communicated many particulars concerning the condition of the laborers on her own extensive grounds and in the neighboring country, affirming, from her own personal knowledge, that they could not subsist on the wages they received and were it not for relief derived from other sources, they would not have the physical strength to cultivate the earth.

The parents were generally unable to read, but most of the children were then receiving the rudiments of education through the benevolence of that lady in a school where she maintained 172 at her own expense. The scanty appropriation for the establishment of public schools is swallowed up before it reaches its destination. It was said that seventy thousand pounds were appropriated at the same time for the repairs of the Queen's stables. Whether this be true or not, it did appear on motion of Mr Williams, in March 1843, that near a million of pounds, that is five millions of dollars, had been expended by government on her different palaces and parks, since the year 1835, and yet, during that time, only two hundred and forty thousand pounds had been appropriated for public schools throughout the entire realm.

The English are, indeed, a great people. They hold two sceptres, by sea and by land, they have stretched their vast dominions to the outer limits of the earth; they have reached the summit of human glory; but it is glory in rags. Of all nations, they are at once the richest and the poorest; the proudest and most servile, the wisest and most ignorant. Five thousand persons, titled of right and by courtesy, are provided for by their constitution; a few professional men, manufacturers merchants and tradesmen have provided for themselves. The great appropriate soil and its products, all power and station to themselves; they spend their lives in perpetual gorgeous holiday, while the naked, needy multitude live in a constant struggle for bread.

There are five millions of laborers who cultivate the earth, and six millions of operatives engaged in manufactures, who possess no land, no, not a molehill; no vote; no home but the will of a landlord; are hungry from morning till night, and sleep and die on straw. If to these be added three millions of paupers, fed at the public charge; the beggars that frequent the streets and highways; the poor mechanics and journeymen, prostitutes and laborers of every description—it may safely be affirmed, that out of the twenty-six millions that inhabit the three kingdoms, twenty millions—men, women and children—daily feel the yearnings of unsatisfied appetite. There is not a day that the newspapers do not tell some piteous tale of destitution, and too often has the surgeon's knife proved starvation to be the cause of death. 1843, the poor of Preston cut and eat the flesh of a cow that died of disease, which they dug up from the common where it had been buried. The fact was published without contradiction in all the leading prints of the kingdom.

There is no hope of change for the better; the right of suffrage, which is enjoyed only by a few, is controlled by the great landholders, who buy votes as a commodity in market; and if every sent in the House of Commons obtained by bribery were vacated, it is not certain that a quorum would be left to do business. The only sound institution in the country is their judiciary. The judges, with some few exceptions, have been an honor to human nature; and the trial by jury is the solid column that still upholds the crumbling fabric.

During the years of 1841-2-3, I entered 122 cottages in Somersetshire, Devonshire, Lancashire, Warwickshire, Surrey, Middlesex and Kent, always with a view to understand a subject in which I felt a deep and abiding interest. My first visit to Somersetshire disclosed the whole truth; and I had nothing further to learn, than that the same wretchedness, the same round of potatoes and salt, and the same appalling picture of destitution and rags, prevailed throughout the Kingdom.

ONE DROP TOO MUCH OF THE MILK OF HUMAN KINDNESS.—An old gentleman with an old wife, and no children, who live on Longworth street, in this city was aroused from their bed one night about four weeks ago, by a loud knocking at the street door. The ancient pair had always manifested a great fondness for children, and not being blessed with any of their own, were on the best terms imaginable with those belonging to their more fortunate neighbors, and whenever a chubby little boy or girl chanced to be in their company, it was stuffed with sweetmeats, and overwhelmed with their unpractised, and consequently awkward endearments. The neighbors loved the old couple loved their children, and enabled them to save on a Christmas penny that would otherwise have been uselessly buried in the bowels of ginbread horses. And for many squares around the peculiar propensities of the ancient pair furnished inexhaustible material for gossip. This venerable couple had long since committed themselves to the arms of Somnus, on a December night, from which they were disturbed by a loud rap at the street door; the old gentleman did not know what to make of the knock but knew that it made a noise not usually heard in his house at one o'clock in the morning—and so he pinched his wife's ear and asked what it was. The old lady thought he had better get up and see. He slipped out of bed into his slippers and pants and went down stairs to the door, which he opened, and in it traced a dark shadow on the lighter darkness, a female form with a bundle in her arms. The gentleman asked her what she wanted, and the young lady (for such by her voice she seemed to be,) said she was an unfortunate woman, the modern meaning of which the old gentleman did understand—of course. He said he felt sorry for her—read her a brief moral lecture, from memory—and said that Heaven would never desert the virtuous. The night was cold—the old man was thinly clad—he shivered, and his voice was tremulous, which caused the unfortunate woman to sob, believing that in the goodness of his tender and pitying heart, the old man was weeping too. She had a child—a loving boy—just five months old; that she was poor; that her seducer, (the old gentleman said on 1) a drunken heartless villain, on whose head the vengeance of Heaven lay, had left her returned with a pistol and three bowie knives, like a mad dog to massacre her, and she was in a great way off—but was too

feeble to carry the child any farther, and said she would bless the old gentleman if he would take it. He was overjoyed—said he would get a light and was about doing so, when the unfortunate girl faintly shrieked, and said 'I hear him coming! Take the poor babe! Bless you!' Hurriedly placing the infant in the old man's arms, she started swiftly off, and in a few minutes the last echo of her rapid foot-steps had died away.

The old man closed the door; and hurried up stairs, pressing the tender blossom to his bosom. 'Wife,' cried he, 'we've got a little son at last.' The old lady was astonished, and she wanted to know what ment her ancient lord by we,—as according to her limited ideas of things in general, the introduction of 'young 'un' into the family, was a matter of which she had a right to know some thing. But this was no time for argument. The baby was put to bed, and the old lady hugged it to her bosom; the little dear, expressing its gratitude by a gentle and comfortable grunt, which the old gentleman swore, as he robed a match upon the wall sounded more like a mortal baby. The candle was lighted, and the happy couple proceeded to an examination of the innocent and long desired sharer of their domestic comforts.

First a blanket was removed—then an old shawl—then a flannel unmentionable—and then—a handkerchief was raised, and the head of a pig appeared, half choked with a wad of shavings which the 'unfortunate woman' had evidently crammed into his mouth to prevent a squeal. The old gentleman, victimized, and humbugged, dropped the candle; the old lady jumped out of bed & ran down stairs in a fright; and the little pig rooted itself into a warm place and went to sleep. With this disposition of the characters in this ridiculous drama we drop the curtain.

This actually occurred, and we knew the young man who represented the 'unfortunate woman,' on that eventful night.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, MARCH 5, 1844.

"The great popular party is already rallied almost en masse around the banner which is leading the party to the final triumph. The few that still lag will soon be rallied under the ample folds. On that banner is inscribed: FREE TRADE; LOW DUTIES; NO BARRIERS; SEPARATION FROM BARRIERS; ECONOMY; RETRENCHMENT; AND STRICT ADHERENCE TO THE CONSTITUTION. Victory in such a cause will be great and glorious; and if its principles be faithfully and firmly adhered to, after it is achieved, much will it redound to the honor of those by whom it will have been won; and long will it perpetuate the liberty and prosperity of the country."—Catholon.

AWFUL CALAMITY!

Explosion of the Princeton's great Gun!

By the politeness of Mr. Waterhouse, who favored us with the Portland Advertiser of last Saturday, we learn the most distressing news from Washington. A solemn, and melancholy event has befallen our country. It took place on Wednesday 23d, of February, a week ago tomorrow.

Capt. Stockton of the Steamer Princeton, invited three or four hundred ladies, and gentlemen, including the President, and Family—members of the Cabinet, and Foreign Ministers, some Senators, and Members of the House, to take an excursion down the Potomac, to witness the movement of his fine vessel, and the discharge of its immense gun. The invitations were all eagerly accepted and the Steamer departed.

The day was clear, and promised a fine excursion. After a salute of 21 guns, the big gun was put in readiness to be fired. It carried a ball of 230 pounds. The word "fire" was given and all eyes were turned in direction of the ball which skipped upon the water, until it went a distance of two miles, when it finally sunk.—The experiment was successful, and all were delighted.

The party then went to the Cabin, where a sumptuous feast had been prepared by Captain Stockton. "Toasts, and Champagne, sparkled together, and all was as merry and happy as could be."

In the midst of this, and as the vessel was returning the Capt. concluded to have another fire with the big gun. The gun was ranged and the gentlemen, whom the Captain most desired to see the operation were invited up to witness it.—

"The gun was fired—the breech exploded! Killing instantly, Mr. Upshur, Secretary of State—Mr. Gilmer, Secretary of the Navy—Virgil Maxey Esq. of Maryland—Com. Kennon, Chief of the Bureau of Construction and Mr. Gardner, of N. Y. and a colored servant of the President, seriously injuring Captain Stockton, and several hands of the Ship.

"The gentleman killed were standing to the leeward side of the gun nearly in a row and when the gun burst the pieces went in their direction and killed them instantly—not a groan was heard to escape their lips. The President had but a moment before left the vicinity of the gun, Capt. Stockton after the smoke had cleared away—all covered with powder sprang to the top of his gun and exclaimed, "My God! Would that I were dead too." He was immediately taken to the Cabin—a broken hearted man, although not to blame for the fatal catastrophe.

This gun had been fired several times before this day and especially three times during the day. When the accident happened the gun was charged as usual. But on examining the pieces

the only fresh break that could be found was only the bigness of two hands.

The scenes of distress, and anguish are represented as truly heartrending, and past description. Mrs. Gilmer "would not be comforted." Her Husband but few days before had entered on the duties of Secretary of the Navy. Judge Upshur, had a wife and three or four children, to deplore his loss. Senator Woodbury's daughter had a narrow escape. Mr Wilkins Secretary of War had a moment before the explosion moved away from the gun saying that "if he was Secretary of war he did not like the noise." We have no room for farther particulars. The following in relation to the manner in which these persons were destroyed is from the Madisonian.

LATEST PARTICULARS.

10 12 o'clock.

I have this moment conversed with a Mr. Ellicott, who has just come from the Princeton. He states that there are only six killed in all—Judge Upshur, Gov. Gilmer, Col. Gardner, N. Y., Virgil Maxey, the late Charge, Commodore Kennon, and a colored boy, named Henry, the President's servant.

Captain Stockton, though badly hurt, it is thought will recover. He was standing at the butt of the gun when it exploded, and a piece of it went on each side of him; his face is much burnt, receiving the whole flash of the powder. Col. Gardner had both arms and both legs blown off—Maxey's arm was blown off clean by the shoulder. Commodore Kennon had one leg and one arm blown off. There were about twelve or fourteen sailors wounded, but Mr. Ellicott says it is thought they will all recover. Mr. Gilmer was killed by a fragment striking him on the forehead. Mr. Upshur's legs and arms were broken, and his bowels torn out. They all died instantly, but the President's servant, who lived about ten minutes, never spoke however. Commodore Kennon gave but one sigh.

The bodies are to be brought up to the city at 12 o'clock to-morrow. The funeral of Col. Gardner is to take place from the President's house.

The President's youngest son was providentially saved by Mr. Mass, who playfully prevented him from going to see the gun fired, and dragged him back to take wine with him.

From the Saco Democrat.

STUDY OF ANATOMY.

We have received a copy of the report of the Joint Select Committee appointed by the Legislature to take into consideration sundry petitions for the encouragement of the study of Anatomy in our State. The report sets forth the importance of the knowledge of Anatomy to the surgeon—to the judicious treatment of patients—the fatal consequences resulting from unskillful operations; that skill in this science can only be obtained by dissection of the human body; that it is inconsistent to hold physicians responsible for malpractice, while we deprive them of the means for gaining that knowledge which will alone properly qualify them for the important and responsible duties of their profession; that we should neither exempt physicians from all liability or grant them the means of acquiring the requisite knowledge; that to take away all liability, would be "to let loose a class of men who may with impunity maim deform, and even send to a premature grave as many victims as their craft and shrewdness may have drawn within the sphere of their influence." Then the only rational and consistent course is to pass a law giving encouragement to the study of Anatomy.—

The report says that many surgeons feel perfectly justified in violating the law by the robbing of sepulchres on account of the good which will result from the violation of such an oppressive law; but if they were protected as other professions and pursuits are, all pretext for such a course would cease, and it would become unpopular—it would be considered disgraceful to violate the sanctity of the grave. "Is there anything more unpleasant in the thought that a body is to be dissected, than that it is to be placed in the earth in a few weeks or months to moulder and be devoured by filthy worms?" In conclusion the committee submitted the following bill:

SECTION 1. From and after the passage of this act it shall be lawful for the adherents of any city, the overseers of the poor of any town the assessors of any plantation, the warden of the State's prison or the keepers of the County gaols to surrender the dead body of any such person as is required to be buried at the public expense, to any surgeon or physician, to be by him used for the advancement of anatomical science.—Provided, however, that no such dead body shall in any case be so surrendered, if the deceased during his or her last sickness requested to be buried, or if within twenty four hours after said death, any person claiming to be of kindred or friend of the deceased, shall request to have the body buried, or if such deceased was a stranger or traveler, dying before making himself known—or if such person shall have secured his residence as a pauper in the town—city or plantation where he or she died, or if the alderman, overseers of the poor, or assessors of any such city town or plantation, the warden of the State's prison or the keepers of the county gaols shall have good cause to believe, that such person at his or her death had any relations living within this State.

SEC. 2. Any physician, surgeon or medical student may have in his possession, use or employ human dead bodies or parts thereof, for the purpose of anatomical or physiological investigation or instruction.

If this Bill were adopted, there would be no

excuse for a man practising Surgery, without being able to tell the names of bones, muscles, arteries and nerves and their relative situations.—As this matter now stands, a Surgeon is compelled by law to possess a certain amount of knowledge in relation to Anatomy, and is at the same time prohibited by law from acquiring the only means, by which such knowledge can be gained. This is like offering a man an empty pitcher, and cursing him because he won't take hold and drink.

Arguing questions on their merits. When a question is presented to the Legislature of sufficient importance to demand its attentive consideration, it should be argued on its merits, independent of all collateral issues, extraneous and irrelevant matters. If a question is presented not possessing sufficient importance on its merits it should be thrown aside. In this way members would not spend the time which they ought to devote to the service of the State in useless denunciation, black-guardism and nonsense, increase the taxes of the people, and destroy the respect and dignity of Legislative bodies. These remarks have arisen in consequence of reading the following discussion on the Resolves, relative to Summer Sessions. The reader will notice on reading the debate how little is said to the point,—to the matter under consideration. He will likewise notice the small party tactics of the gentleman from Augusta, and the contemptible motives which influence his political action.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

FRIDAY, FEB. 23.

Resolve for the amendment of the constitution in favor of summer sessions, was taken up, and went proposing to make the change take effect on the second Wednesday of May, 1846, instead of 1845.

Mr. Woodman spoke in favor of the amendment.

The amendment was then rejected, 29 to 59. Mr. Perkins of Augusta, should vote against the Resolves, because the amendment was rejected. It would put it in the power of the present Legislature to elect an U. S. Senator, and that it had a majority in the Legislature which was to follow, he had not a doubt. The conduct of the party at the extra session of 41, which pledged itself to do nothing but consider the Revised Statutes, and in the face of this pledge adopted the wild cat system, showed how much confidence was to be placed in them in such matters.

Mr. Morrill of Madison, hoped the House would not be prejudiced against the Resolves, by the party consideration dragged in by the gentleman from Augusta. Those considerations were reported, and had no weight one way or the other in fixing the time of the change contemplated in the Resolves. They ought to have no weight now. The possibility that a party might make use of the change for its own purposes, in certain remote contingency, was not an argument against the change. He should vote for the Resolves, without or with the amendment. He was instructed so to vote by a meeting of his town, without regard to party. He ventured to say that not a whig who participated in the doings of the meeting referred to, even thought, or would allow the whigs in the House would not follow at the own dignity and the dignity of the House forbid. That gentleman might assert this and that would believe him. He had made to many statements on this floor, pledging himself to their proof, in which he had totally failed, to be entitled to any sort of credence.

Mr. Perkins said he had pledged himself to prove that the gentleman from Madison, (Mr. Morrill) had written a letter, wherein he expressed the desire for the election of a whig Governor; and he would proceed to the redemption of that pledge. Mr. P. said the issue was that the gentleman from Madison was not always so democratic as he now professed to be—that he was at a certain time inclined to be a little whiggish—or in other words, that he wrote a letter, stating that his only hope of relief from embarrassment, was in the prospect of the election of a whig governor. He (Mr. P.) reasserted it. The gentleman from Madison then pronounced it false. And now it was for him to read the letter, and let the House judge which was the liar. Mr. P. was proceeding to read—

SEVERAL VOICES. Read the whole letter.

Mr. Perkins. I shall read such parts as I choose—the letter is my private property. And Mr. P. was again about to read.

Mr. Jarvis. I call the gentleman to order. Let him read the whole letter or none. I protest against his reading extracts of a private letter, to suit his own purpose.

Mr. Morrill. Let him read it; but let us have the whole letter.

Mr. Perkins. You shall have it.

Mr. Jarvis inquired if the House had not control of the letter, and if it could not compel the reading of the whole.

The Speaker decided—that the letter once read by permission of the House, would be in the control of the House, and it could command the possession. But that it required the permission of the House before it could be read, objections having been made. Does the gentleman ask leave?

Mr. Perkins then asked leave of the House to read the letter.

Mr. Jarvis. Let him read the whole.

Mr. Morrill hoped the House would grant the gentleman leave. He knew not what the letter contained, nor what it was nor to whom addressed, nor whether it was a public or a private one; but he would bear the construction put upon it by the gentleman from Augusta. He would say a word in relation to this contest. He had not sought it. That gentleman commenced his attack upon him (Mr. P.) the second day of the session. The Speaker interrupted Mr. M., by saying that he could not permit any old quarrels

to be gone into. The gentleman must confine himself to the question.

Mr. Morrill resumed. He denied the assertion when made by the gentleman—that he had ever written a letter to any body, at any time, which could be construed into an abandonment of his political views, or ever penned or dropped an expression, which could be construed into a desire for the elevation of a whig to that office. All which he now repeated. He requested the gentleman from Augusta soon after he made the statement alluded to, to publish the letter in the public papers, and he (Mr. M.) pledging himself to pay for its insertion if it sustained that gentleman's statement. This the gentleman declined to do. He had again introduced the matter into the House, and Mr. M. now desired that it might be read and, if he could not satisfy the House that he was right in his denial, he would confess that he had stated what was not true.—He asked no protection from the House, in any manner; and let the gentleman read whatever letter he may have of mine.

The House then granted Mr Perkins leave to read.

Mr. Perkins then read a letter signed by A. P. Merrill, addressed to Lunt, Caldwell & Co., bearing date Madison Sept. 24, 1837; which related to business matters between the parties; the material part of which was the following words: "I will do all in my power, to forward your payment, and if you suffer as much in property for the want of your pay as I do mentally in consequence of not having paid you, I shall never have it in my power to make up your loss, probably; and if it were not for the prospect of a whig Governor, I should perhaps despair of any further attempt to pay."

Mr Jarvis rose to speak.

Mr. Morrill rose at the same time.

Mr. Jarvis—with the gentleman give way. I desire to comment on this matter without concert or without explanation other than the letter affords.

Mr. Morrill could not give way, as he would occupy but a moment. Mr. M. said, we now have the letter. The House could see that it was a business letter, and that the expression at the close in relation to the election of a whig Governor, was such language as was common to be used by one friend to another, of opposite politics.—

The language upon its face showed that it was used in a jocose manner. The only mode in which he could strictly establish it, was by calling upon the individual to whom it was addressed. He should be obliged to ask of the House the privilege of adducing in some form or other the testimony of those individuals; to show by their own declarations, and by other circumstances, that the language was used by him *jocose*, and that it was understood by the persons to whom it was addressed, in the same manner.—He had traded with those persons to a considerable amount—was in the almost daily habit of meeting them, and conversing with them—they were friends—they understood his politics—they knew him to be opposed to them, and they often talked together on political topics. He supposed therefore that he put the clause in the letter as a sort of political touch—a fling in political matters. They so understood it. And such was his confidence in the integrity of those individuals, although of opposite political sentiments, both then and now, he asked the benefit of their testimony to this point. Mr. M. said, he denied now as he did when the statement was made, that he *spoke* or *penned* an expression which could be justly construed into an abandonment *total* or *partial* of Democratic principles, or in favor of whiggery. Mr. M. was about proceeding to give the origin of this affair, when he was again called to order by the Speaker. Mr. M. said, he demanded an investigation of the truth or falsity of his denial of the statement made by the gentleman from Augusta. He wished after some explanatory proof, to submit the matter to the House, whether he was not authorized in pronouncing the allegation made against him false, the other day, as he did now. If the gentleman from Augusta can make any thing from the introduction of a private letter, into this House, written with the unguarded familiarity which is used among those on friendly terms, he is welcome to it. Since he has done so, he asked an opportunity to give to such explanation as was necessary to show in what sense the language was used and in what light it was viewed by those to whom it was addressed.

Mr. Baker rose to speak.

Mr. Perkins requested him to give way that he might explain.

Mr. Baker refused. The House had had enough of this sort of explanation. He would give way for no such purpose. He was in favor of proceeding to the proper business of the day. Mr. B. then spoke against laying the resolve on the table.

Mr. Perkins could not be controlled by Mr. Baker's views of propriety. He had a duty to himself and his constituents, a number of whom had pressed him to read the letter in question, before this, but he had foreborne. And he should not now have done so, but for the position in which he was placed by the taunt of the gentleman from Madison. Mr. P. was proceeding to give the origin of this affair, when the Speaker (at the request of Mr. Baker,) called him to order.

The Speaker remarked that this old battle must not be fought over again. Mr. Perkins was not to be deterred by the gentleman from Madison, or his aid, the gentleman from Surrey.

Mr. Morrill said he would satisfy the House before he let the matter drop, that the statement of Mr. Perkins were false. He would show that the statements of Mr. Perkins were false. [Here Mr. M. was called to order.] Mr. Morrill said he could do it in some other mode. He charged him (Mr. M.) with playing a double game in politics—and—

Mr. Perkins. I didn't say that—I only charged what is confirmed by the letter.

Mr. Morrill affirmed it—and pronounced the accusation false—and said that the letter, if taken as true, did not support the allegation.

Mr. Jarvis of Surrey, said that he regretted that a scene so disgraceful to the dignity—[Here Mr. J. was interrupted, by Mr. Barnes, who objected to explanation being made by any but the parties in conflict.] The Speaker decided that Mr. J. could not proceed without leave.

Mr Jarvis asked leave of the House.

Mr. Barnes rose to Mr. Jarvis. I will solve on the table. After some chat Mr Emery moved a rejecting Mr. Wool whole subject was a

COMMON SCHOOLS Register in giving Association in that remarks. Perhaps Oxford County.

"Truly the people in this matter, that tea In order that any done for the good are in a decidedly there must be a uni community, who are People are much m to calmly fold their efficiency of our sch ors for their amelior do not so consider the difficulties of the readily listening to and by neglecting to in insubordination. to be. All ought o hold up the hands t in their power. The tenance, and endow him an object of re

A resolve has been on Finance recom Distribution money. supposed however t ed in connexion with Treasury credited to panies this Resolve principle of Distri Resolve, are as follo

RESOLVE ON TAIN MONIES BY THIS

FORASMUCH as the States have heretofore sustaining the treasury clearly and constitu sources of revenue, from their proper cl version is calculated tional prosperity, an to the amicable rel served between the ernment; yet in r the control of this the proceeds of the been accredited to to her wishes and i quently expressed by many believed, th Constitution of the without in any way against the principle, Resolved, That and hereby is autho eriment of the Unit money which may b the United States un States distributing to the public lands a to make and execut discharges for the s

Gen. Duff Gr tes a Democratic holden on the 4th, t rict System. This from the Democratic advocated, sustaine ratism.

The Bangor C nect withdrawn as a and that the rumor t

The enterpr Woolen factory, rec tively engaged in cr stone.

DUELING.—T met on a leaf in a with the blood dry deprecations. The 'cross and savage, ating, and wiped o thrust out his sting, first. And so, the off the other, and say 'Did you turn up The answer was— can apply it as you 'Sir,' says the fir Answer: 'Sir, y ity.'

'Hab!' exclame fust! No gentleman such treatment with Draw, villain, and rushed together an through the body. sketoe fight.'

A Sign.—An ex best sign a dry good West, to make a married.'

The suggestion is go far enough. The in a New England Goods, by John B. ried. This sign d

The single ladies married men always the impression i to great a fool.

CURIOUS DISCLOSURE OF A NEGRO ABOLITIONIST.

The Portland Argus contains a report of speeches made by various persons at the late Abolition Convention at Augusta, Me., all of which are rather curious specimens of their kind, but none so much as the remarks of MILTON CLARK, a fugitive slave from Lexington, Ky. The Argus says—

The story of Milton Clark was the most amusing of the proceedings. According to his statement his father was a revolutionary patriot, and fought at Bunker's Hill. After the war he emigrated South, became an overseer, and finally married a slave, who was daughter of the owner of the plantation. The mother being a slave, made the children slaves, but their owner and grand father, in his will, made them free. His children, however, born the will and disinherited the young Clarks among themselves. Milton fell to a humane half sister, as we understood him, who was opposed to the destruction of his grand father's will, and who was for treating the Clark family, as relations, and not as slaves. But she died, and then he passed into the hands of a monster, who hogged him nearly to death at the tender age of ten years. He received over three hundred lashes, and was insensible for several days, and unable to walk for several weeks. He was then to drink the blood of his oppressor, rather than endure another such brutal beating. Subsequently he fell to a Presbyterian deacon, who though very penurious, treated him better. After he served at manhood, one of the Johnson family became his surety in the sum of \$1200, and he was permitted by paying his master \$200, and he was per year, to go and work and trade where he pleased. With this permit he went to New Orleans and returned, and paid his master the \$200. Previously to this, however, one of his sisters, a white and beautiful girl of some 17 years of age, had been sent to New Orleans, and sold for \$1600. She fell into good hands, and became the wife of her master, who died a few years after leaving her more than \$30,000. Before his death, sent \$800 to purchase his freedom, and the money was given to a brother who purchased his liberty with it; and is now a free man in Pittsburg, Va. After his sister's death, in order to settle her estate, Milton's master gave him a permit to travel and transact business where he pleased. With this permit, which he produced, and read, he went to New Orleans to get the money left by his sister. But the question of heirship, becoming entangled in the law, remains in dispute, up to this time. However the permit being pretty general and broad, he is still travelling with it, if not by its authority.

He has been in Oberlin, Ohio, engaged in painting, learning to read, and aiding fugitive slaves to escape to Canada, lecturing, &c. He was opposed to the United States Bank because, by its expanding the currency, it increased the price of slaves, which made their masters watch them more narrowly. It had been matter of astonishment to some that the Bank should have become bankrupt. Many people could not imagine what had become of its funds. He could tell where some of them were. He knew ten slaves in Kentucky, who had been mortgaged to the Bank for \$10,000, who had escaped into Canada. There were ten thousand dollars of the Bank's funds, about which there was so much speculation, walking about in Canada.

Milton went for the Constitution if the Constitution was opposed to slavery, otherwise not. He gave a curious piece of history in regard to the organization of the slaves for the purpose of communication. This organization existed throughout the Slave States. Their mail run only in the night. Information of passing events was obtained by listening to the conversation of their masters and by hearing newspapers read, which was repeated and commented upon, and compared, with like information received through other channels. He stated that the negroes were well aware of the state of things pending the settlement of the Boundary question, and expected war in which case they would have revolted in eight States. So confident were they of war, that they would have risen, had not certain abolitionists in Illinois and Ohio and in the slave states themselves, with whom they took counsel, earnestly remonstrated against it, as both injudicious and wrong.

ROMANCE OF THE PAST.

The following incidents were related by Hon. Geo. Robertson, of Kentucky, in an oration delivered at Camp Madison, in that State, on the last anniversary of our National Independence. In the "Blue Lick Defeat," on the 20th of August, 1782, the comorant of death greedily on the floor of the first settlement. On that most dreadful day, every settler lost a friend, and every family a prop. And on that sanguinary field the Colone's Todd and Trig, the chivalrous Captain Hartland and the gallant, intrepid son of Boone, by undistinguished among the promiscuous wolves and vultures, so as not to be recognized by their friends, who, three days after the battle, interred the remains a few of their crumbling bones, since collected by their countryman, now lie exposed to the fluctuating breath of the elements, in a confused pile, on the summit of the bleak and rocky plain where the heroes fell. We cannot now imagine, much less portray, the grief and despondency that pervaded the land, at the intelligence of that day's catastrophe. Every bosom heaved with the tremulous impulse of saddened woe. But the survivors, though mournfully bereaved, were not to be discouraged or dismayed. They were resolved never falter in their effort to subdue the wilderness, but rather to die in the attempt. Israel's God stood by, and sustained the noble and forlorn band, for their cause was His. On the long roll of that day's reported slain, was

the name of one who had in fact been captured, and after surviving the ruthless ordeal of the combat, had been permitted to live as a captive, but even taken by a tribe and painted black, as the signal of torture and death to all.

The night after the battle, twelve prisoners were stripped, and ranged in a line upon a log—none to whom we have specially alluded being at one extremity of the devoted phalanx. The cruel captors, then, beginning at the other end, slaughtered eleven, one by one; but when they came to the only survivor, though they raised him up also, and drew their bloody knives to suike under each uplifed arm, they paused, and after a long powow, spared his life—why he never knew.

For about one year, none of his friends, except his devoted wife, doubted his death. She, hoping against reason, still insisted that he lived, and would return to her. Wooed by another, she from time to time postponed the nuptials, declaring that she could not divest herself of the belief that her husband survived. Her exhorting friends finally succeeded in their efforts to stifle her affectionate instinct; she reluctantly yielded, and the nuptial day was fixed. But just before it dawned, the crack of a rifle was heard near her lonely cabin, and at the familiar sound she leaped out like a liberated fawn, ejaculating as she sprang, "That's John's gun." It was John's gun, shure enough; and in an instant she was once more in her lost husband's arms. But nine years afterwards that same husband fell in St. Clair's defeat; and the same disappointed but persevering lover renewed his suit, and at last the widow became his wife. The scene of these romantic incidents was within gun-shot of my homestead and with that noble wife and matron I was myself well acquainted.

GREAT BARGAINS!

FRANCIS BLAKE,
(SUCCESSOR TO G. & F. BLAKE)

HAS just received from New York and Boston, a splendid and desirable stock of new and fashionable FALL and WINTER GOODS, Foreign and Domestic; which he now offers at wholesale or retail to the former patrons of G. & F. Blake, and the public generally, at prices as low as Goods of the same quality can be purchased in the country, State, or United States. Among which are the following:

BROADCLOTHS, CASSIMERES

SATINETTES, VESTINGS,

All kinds of COTTON and WOOLLEN GOODS

Prints, Copperplates,

SILKS, CLOAK CLOTHS,

In great variety.

CARPETINGS, FEATHERS,

Rich and cheap SHAWLS, Linens, Damasks, Ho-

siery, Gloves, Rich Ribbons and Linings.

Paper Hangings, School Books,

of every description.

STATIONERY

of all kinds.

Hats, Caps, & Furs.

CROCKERY, GLASS, & CHINA WARE,

And every kind of Furnishing Goods.

GROCERIES, HARD & HOLLOW WARE

Iron and Steel, Nails, Glass, Lime, Fish,

Salt, Flour, and Grindstones.

DYE STUFFS, PAINTS, MEDICINES, &c.

(Please call and examine.

Harrison, Nov. 21.

STATE OF MAINE.

[L S]—Oxford, ss:

To the Sheriff of our County of Oxford, or

his Deputy,

WE command you to attach the goods or estate of

William L. Howe of Waterford, in said County,

Yeoman, to the value of one hundred dollars; and summon

the said defendant, if he may be found in your precinct,

to appear before our Justice of our Western District

County, next to be holden at Paris, within and for our

said County of Oxford, on the second Tuesday of No-

vember, A. D. 1842, then and there, in our Court, to

answer unto Randolph A. L. Codman and Edward Fox,

both of Portland, in said County, Counselors at Law,

and copartners under the firm name of Codman & Fox,

in a plea of the case, for that said Howe, at said

purchase of this writ being indebted to the Plaintiff in the

sum of twenty dollars and forty-seven cents according

to the annexed account, then and there in consideration

thereof promised the Plaintiff to pay them the same sum

on demand. Yet said defendant, though often re-

quested, has not paid said debt, but neglects and refuses to do so. To the damage of the said Plaintiff

inasmuch as they say the sum of one hundred dollars which

said, then and there he made to appear, with due dan-

gns. And have you these writ with your doings thereon.

Witness DANIEL GOODENOW, Esq. at Paris, the

third day of August, in the year of our Lord one

thousand eight hundred and forty-two.

J. G. COLE, Clerk.

Oxford, ss.—Western District Court, November

Term, 1842.

Randolph A. L. Codman et al. v. Wm. L. Howe.

ORDERED. That the said William L. Howe, the de-

fendant, be notified of the pendency of this writ by

publishing an attested copy of the Plaintiff's Writ and

in this Order three weeks successively in the Oxford

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS.

The true character of Counterfeiters and sellers of counterfeit Medicines.

NO medicine has ever been introduced to the American public, whose views have been more cheerfully and universally acknowledged by its vast popularity and extensive circulation than Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills. To discount in their various virtues at this late season would be a work of supererogation, sure for those who have this article will be found unacquainted with the widely circulated pills of the real excellence of the medicine, to which many will be ready to add the testimony of their own experience. But if further proof were needed of the value of the remedy, it might be found in the fact that no medicine in the market has been so shamelessly and repeatedly counterfeited. Imitations, however, are numerous, and unprincipled men, have in different places, manufactured a spurious pill, bearing a superficial resemblance to the true article, but composed either of potent or deleterious ingredients, which they have sought to foist upon the public as the genuine.

'INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS.'

These fraudulent swindlers could never pass off their vile wares upon the public but for the convenience and assistance of (self-styled) respectable druggists, who, for the sake of a little filthy lucre, lead themselves to the most monstrous and unallowable system of imposition. The counterfeits of a pill of medicine is more evil and than a counterfeit of current money. The figures done by the latter, sink to nothing in comparison with those inflicted upon society by the former. We might paint him wringing the mire from the hand of an invalid, and which is extended for the boon of health, and receives instead, the vile drug that poisons and aggravates disease, or we might see the aged, infirm, and feeble, who are unable to move, how melancholy is the reflection that thousands may have been hurried to the grave by having a counterfeit substituted for the true medicine, who, but for the usual fraud, might now be living in high health, the delight and hope of the social circle. All classes are interested in putting down these vile counterfeiters.

Let the Stores where they are sold be marked and shunned!

And let the virtuous indignation of the community administer to all concerned in these unfair practices a general and withering rebuke.

CAUTION:

The public will please observe that the genuine medicine has the following wording on the label of the box:

'WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILL.'

—Indian Purgative.

Office North American College of Health.

And also around the border of a label will be found in small type, "Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1840, by WILLIAM WRIGHT, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania."

It will be further observed that the printed direction for using the medicine, which accompanies each box, is also entered according to Act of Congress, and the same form will be found at the bottom of the first page.

The slightest attention to the above few particulars will serve to protect the purchaser from fraud, and save the lives of those who may otherwise be endangered by using a counterfeit medicine.

The public will also remember that all those who sell the genuine Indian Vegetable Pills are provided with a certificate of Agency, signed by

William Wright, Vice President

of the American College of Health.

And that peddlers are never in any case allowed to sell the genuine article. All travelling Agents will be provided with a certificate of Agency as above described, and those who cannot show one will be known as base impostors.

The regular appointed Agents can receive their supplies of the above pills, at wholesale prices, from the only Office and General Depot for the New England States.

198 TREMONT STREET, 198

BOSTON.

Principal Office, and General Depot, 169, Race St. Philadelphia, Pa.

By All letters relative to the Pills must be addressed to—

W. E. Cole, N. A. College of Health, 198 Tremont St. Boston, Mass.

Beware of the Imitated District, in Ann Street, Boston.

N. B. Buy of none except the following regularly appointed Agents:

AGENTS.

Oxford County.

Lowell, James Walker.

Amherst, Thomas Jackson.

Belchertown, E. M. Carter & Co.

Belchertown, Wm. E. Goodenow.

Belchertown, E. M. Carter & Co.

Belchertown, Wm. E. Goodenow.

Belchertown, E. M. Carter & Co.

Belchertown, Wm. E. Goodenow.

Belchertown, E. M. Carter & Co.

Belchertown, Wm. E. Goodenow.

Belchertown, E. M. Carter & Co.

Belchertown, Wm. E. Goodenow.

Belchertown, E. M. Carter & Co.

Belchertown, Wm. E. Goodenow.

Belchertown, E. M. Carter & Co.

Belchertown, Wm. E. Goodenow.

Belchertown, E. M. Carter & Co.

Belchertown, Wm. E. Goodenow.

Belchertown, E. M. Carter & Co.

Belchertown, Wm. E. Goodenow.

Belchertown, E. M. Carter & Co.

Belchertown, Wm. E. Goodenow.

Belchertown, E. M. Carter & Co.

Belchertown, Wm. E. Goodenow.

Belchertown, E. M. Carter & Co.

Belchertown, Wm. E. Goodenow.

Belchertown, E. M. Carter & Co.

Belchertown, Wm. E. Goodenow.

Belchertown, E. M. Carter & Co.

Belchertown, Wm. E. Goodenow.

Belchertown, E. M. Carter & Co.

Belchertown, Wm. E. Goodenow.

Belchertown, E. M. Carter & Co.

Belchertown, Wm. E. Goodenow.

Belchertown, E. M. Carter & Co.

Belchertown, Wm. E. Goodenow.

Belchertown, E. M. Carter & Co.

Belchertown, Wm. E. Goodenow.

Belchertown, E. M. Carter & Co.

Belchertown, Wm. E. Goodenow.

Belchertown, E. M. Carter & Co.

Belchertown, Wm. E. Goodenow.

Belchertown, E. M. Carter & Co.

Belchertown, Wm. E. Goodenow.

Belchertown, E. M. Carter & Co.

Belchertown, Wm. E. Goodenow.

Belchertown, E. M. Carter & Co.

Belchertown, Wm. E. Goodenow.

Belchertown, E. M. Carter & Co.

DR. J. D. BUZZELL'S CELEBRATED FAMILY MEDICINES.

CONSISTING OF

Vegetable Bilethous Bitters,
Vegetable Bilethous Pills,
Jaundice Mixture,
Hemorrhoidal or Pile Powders,
Compound Strengthening Plaster,
Ointment for the cure of Cautaneous Eruptions,
and Cough Mixture.

These Medicines are purely Vegetable, and

extensively used in various parts of the United States,

the British Provinces and the West Indies.

They are particularly indicated for the removal of Chronic Diseases, such as habitual or periodical head aches, Catarrhs, Constipation of the lungs—various affections of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, urinary vessels, glands, &c. Dropsy, Rheumatism, Gout, and some of the preparations, viz: the Bilethous Bitters, Pills, Jaundice Mixture, and non-acid preparations—when generally used will operate by opening obstructions, removing all morbid and offensive matter from the stomach and bowels, which has reason to think is always their effect in all cases within the control of medicine. They operate as aperients in various Epidemic diseases, such as Intermittent, Bilious and common Typhus fevers, Inflamations of the Lungs, Bowels, Pleura, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhea, &c. Also, as precatives to some contagious diseases, such as the Yellow, Scarlatina and Putrid fevers, and all other acute and contagious diseases which they are not capable, such as small pox, measles, hanging cough, &c. yet, from many years experience, has become convinced that all who contract any of these diseases, while under the influence of these medicines, when taken as a chloresis are to keep up and maintain a healthy action in the secretory and excretory vessels of the digestive organs, are little affected, and are easily managed, whether, on the contrary, they are in many cases, they would prove only distressing, but uncontrollable and dangerous.

For a more full and particular description of disease, and the medicine to be applied, I beg leave to refer you to my circular in pamphlet form, which may be found wherever the medicines are for sale, and to the remarks accompanying them.

Agents—Oxford County.

HUBBARD & MARBLE, Paris Hill; A. Briggs, North

Paris; J. Crockett, Norway Village; J. H. Olson, Oxford;

Wm. Walker, Peru; Brock & Co. C. R. Bridgman, Buck-

field; Wm. B. Bray, S. B. Holt, N. Turner; J. M. Dehon,

Caston; J. Bicknell, Woodstock; Bretton & Washburn, Liver-

more; J. H. Wardwell, J. Graham, Pamelord; C. S. Chase,

Dixfield; J. M. Duff, Mexico; L. S. Bumpus, Lebanon;

Wm. G. H. Chase, Mexico; C. S. Packard, Ashburn;

G. Howe, Somner.—[April 11, 1842.]

epj 49

epj 49

epj 49

epj 49

epj 49

epj 49

epj 49

epj 49

epj 49

epj 49

epj 49

epj 49

epj 49

epj 49

epj 49

epj 49

epj 49

epj 49

epj 49

epj 49

epj 49

epj 49

epj 49

epj 49

epj 49

epj 49

epj 49

epj 49

epj 49

epj 49

epj 49

epj 49

epj 49

epj 49

epj 49

epj 49

epj 49